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In quest of feather'd game,
When Cupid chancing to alight,
To plume his wings and ease his flight,
Invites the archer's aim.

He views the God with eager eyes,
Already marks him as his prize,
And bends his yielding bow;
But vainly flies the shaft....for still
The wary urchin mocks his skill,
And 'scapes the threat'ned blow.

Again he tries, and yet again,
But all his efforts are in vain,
Unheeded falls each dart;
At length he breaks his bow thro' rage,
And quits the grove to seek the sage,
From whom he learn'd the art.

"Vainly," he cries, "you've made me
toil,

If such a bird as this can foil,
My art so dearly bought;
See where he sits on yonder tree,
And claps his wings exultingly,
And sets us both at naught."

The elder smil'd—"tho' now, my son,
Yon bird appears your shafts to shun,
Yet set your mind at rest;
When a few fleeting years have pass'd,
Too soon he'll come, unwish'd, unask'd,
And nestle in your breast."

HELLAS.

SONNET BY MILTON, ON HIS OWN BLINDNESS.

ADDRESSED TO HIS FRIEND MR. CYRIAC
SKINNER.

(NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED.)

CYRIAC, this three-year's day, these
eyes, though clear,
To outward view of blemish or of spot,
Bereft of sight their seeing have forgot,
Nor to their idle orbs doth day appear,
Or sun, or moon, or star throughout the
year,
Or man or woman; yet I argue not

Against heav'n's hand or will, nor 'bate
one jot,
Of heart or hope, but still bear up and
steer,
Right onward. What supports me dost
thou ask?
The conscience (friend) to have lost them
overplied
In liberty's defence, my noble task!
Of which all Europe rings from side to side.
This thought might lead me through this
word's vain mask
Content, though blind, had I no other
guide.

SELECT POETRY.

ODE OF HAFIZ THE PERSIAN.

THE lute, in softly breathing strains,
Warbled one night of lover's woe,
(May he who sung of other's pains,
Never those pains, that anguish know.)
My bosom burn'd with fierce desire,
Each object vanish'd from my view,
Each limb confess'd the latent fire,
And spoke the sad description true.
Oh! sure that maid my fate has seal'd,
Whose tresses boast the light of day,
Whose dimpled cheek a ray reveal'd,
To drive the deepest gloom away.
Soon as my transports she beheld,
She fill'd my thirsty goblet up;
Fair maid, my torment you've dispell'd
Such virtue claims the magic cup.
May heav'n preserve your gentle heart,
From every sorrow mortals know;
What joys this world can here impart,
And what the next, may each bestow.
But Hafiz, when he drains the bowl,
And paints his transports as they fly,
Looks down on riches and controul,
The gems of KAUS, the throne of KY.*

* Ky Kaus and Ky Khosroo, were ancient kings
of Persia.

REVIEW OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

*A History of the early part of the Reign
of James the Second, by the Right
Hon. C. J. Fox, 4to. Miller, London.*
....ex pede Herculem.

THERE is, we think, somewhat of
the magnanimity characteristic
of the man, displayed by Mr. Fox,
an orator of acknowledged and as-
sured eminence, commencing, at a

comparatively late period of life, au-
thor and historian. A man more am-
bitious of personal fame, and less de-
voted to feelings of public duty,
would, probably, have sat in his el-
bow chair, cautiously calculating the
literary profit and loss of the adven-
ture. He would have pondered upon
many examples, where an anxiously

hoarded capital of character had suffered by new and untried experiments of the pen; and Demosthenes himself, under similar circumstances to those of Mr. Fox when he undertook this history, would, most likely, have found prudential reasons, sufficient to cover his want of manly intrepidity; and after arguing the pro's and con's of the matter, would have ended, by quietly reposing his head on the pillow of his acquired reputation.

But Mr. Fox acted under the continual impulse of his duty to the public, at all times and seasons, even at those times and seasons when this same public appeared most careless and indifferent about political principles, which he had laboured, through life, to advance to their due rank and estimation in the practice of the British government. He appears, therefore, to have resolved, and somewhat indignantly, to transmit, in an honest book, a full and explicit testament of his political sentiments and feelings to an after age. Nor in taking such a resolution did he wait to calculate how much easier it had been, by the united energies of rapid elocution, animated action, and long acquired habits of prompt reasoning, to impress the popular ear, and command the *hear-hims* of party, than it might be to prevail against the severe and caustic criticism of the present day, or extort the slow but perduring plaudit of posterity.

Even in the decline of health, even, as we are inclined to believe, under the pressure of great political despondency, and although unused to the habits of composition (for he might have *reflected* much and deeply upon the rules of writing, but it is practice alone, and reiterated trial, which elaborates stile into ease and elegance) yet, notwithstanding all obstacles, he kept to his purpose of transfusing himself and his principles into a bright portion of British story, the history of the ever memorable Revolution. Just before he expired, Vespasian rose up, and said, that a Roman Emperor ought to die standing; meaning, no doubt, that to the last moments of his existence he should appear ready and prepared for the ser-

vice of the empire; and it is with a similar energy of active sentiment, that our beloved British citizen reacted against the approaches of disease, and creeping despondency.

We feel a lively prescience, that in this work, unfinished as it is, there is sown a seed of eternity, such as will long outlive the occasional and perishable fruit of parliamentary eloquence. Under the auspices and authority of a great and good name, the man is incorporated with the work; principle is, as it were, *personified*, and makes deeper and more lasting impression. The whig-doctrine becomes associated in the minds and memories of his readers, with the candour, the simplicity, the consistency, and personal disinterestedness of the author; and the abstract, and speculative truths that were meant to influence the understanding, thus find their way to the heart, and to our practice in life. We acknowledge in this work the "*Veræ voces ab impectore*," nor do we find, as in the History of Hume, a constant suspicion of some indirect purpose which the author has to serve, and which bids the honest and honourable feelings of our nature stand upon their guard.

We do think that such a *name* as that of Mr. Fox was wanting to such a history. There is a strong and prevailing sect of authors, of which Mr. Hume is the great model, whose supreme delight it is to follow his example, in drawing upon their inventive powers for ingenious arguments on either side of a question; to *moon* cases in philosophy or politics, so as to dazzle and distract by the splendour and fecundity of inventive talent. The reader is apt to rise from the perusal of such works with such a vertigo of the head, and sickening of the heart, as he would experience by suspension from a beam, while he is driven backward and forward by a great philosopher. The truth is, the primary object of Mr. Hume and that of his sect, was, and is, *literary fame*, and its selfish rewards; and their secondary aim, appears to establish and diffuse a wide spread system of speculative doubt, necessarily leading to practical, political apathy. When we begin most of their dissertations, we are perfectly at a loss

to know under what kind of persuasion in politics, philosophy or religion, the writer intends to *exhibit* himself before the public, and after coursing through a long zig-zag disquisition, one is tempted, in bitter exclamation, to say, "what am I to conclude from all this? how am I to act?"

"Let you and me, my friend, be philosophers *now* and *then*," said Sir William Jones, "but citizens *always*."

Mr. Hume might have been, by system, as indifferent as Mr. Fox represents Lord Shaftesbury to have been, either to monarchical, arbitrary, or republican principles, but we think it more likely that early associations, not always to be erased by the most sceptical philosophy, had given him "such a love of royalty as created a kind of affection for whoever happened to be the wearer of the crown." His purpose was to write an ingenious apology for the Stewart race (for this is the true title of his history) and he had a secret Jacobite satisfaction, as well as a gratification to his ambition as an author, in puzzling and confounding all parties, and then leaving them to shift for themselves in the wilderness of political scepticism. Histories like these, written for an indirect purpose, with a smooth and captivating simulation of style and manner, have tended to generate and propagate, and, as it were, to sanction by their ingenious balance of arguments, a general spirit of *indifferentism* in regard to constitutional rights and privileges. They have confounded and checked all public zeal: (what Doctor Johnson in his *very** early days called

* O why is genius curs'd with length of days?

The head still flourishing, the heart decays:
Protracted life makes virtue less secure,
The death of wits is seldom premature.

Quench'd too by years, gigantic JOHNSON'S zeal,
Th' unwieldy elephant was taught to kneel;
Bore his strong tow'r to please a servile court,
And wreathed his lithe proboscis for their sport.

Could e'er the wash of heraldry efface,
The name of BURKE, and dignify disgrace?
Could peerage blazon o'er the pensioned page?

Or give a gloss to ignominious age?

"The holy zeal of enterprising virtue") and all correspondent activity by the name of *enthusiasm*, or as they mean, in other words, a partial insanity. It might, perhaps, be natural for a shrewd and cool Scotchman, placidly to smile at the enthusiasm of that amiable savage, Jean Jacques Rousseau, but the ardent zeal of Wickliffe and our first religious reformers, the courageous patriotism of a Russell, or a Sidney, as *translated* into a history like that of Hume, have no longer the spirit of the original, or the efficacy of example. Hume understood the patriotic sentiment and impulse pretty much in the same degree that Johnson was sensible of the lyric powers of Gray; and their desire was to call down by their authority, and depreciate, by oblique insinuations, a fame for which they themselves had neither taste, feeling, nor understanding.

In Mr. Hume, all must acknowledge extraordinary, perhaps unrivalled talent, and a sagacity of remark that does honour to human nature; but with a disposition more turned to make ingenious reflections, than to collect matters of fact with laborious fidelity; and better framed to write philosophical essays upon history, than history itself. His great literary performance has, we think, tended to diffuse, and render in a degree popular, a spirit of doubt in political speculation, leading to apathy, and *an incredulity in all the great efforts and examples of heroic public virtue*, which must have appeared utterly unaccountable to his unimpassioned philosophy. But is it not by the virtue and vitality of such examples, that history gains an interest in the human heart, and an influence on human conduct? Is not

Himself, the prime corrupter of his laws,
Himself, the grievance which, incens'd,
he draws,

Not to be blamed but in a tender tone,
Not to be prais'd, but with a heart-felt groan,

He liv'd a lesson for all future time,
Pathetically great, and painfully sublime.

Of BURKE and JOHNSON, fly th' opprobrious fame,
And if you seek their glory, dread their shame.

JUV. SAT. VIII. IMITATED.

this the salt that preserves a work, otherwise corruptible and corrupting; and who, but for an habitual contemplation of good principles personified in patriotic men, would not turn with disgust from these historical registers of the crimes, the follies, and the misfortunes of mankind?

Nothing therefore was more to be wished for by the true believers in public virtue, notwithstanding the too prevalent infidelity of the day, than such a history as the one before us, where the principles of the work are illustrated and enforced by the example of the author, and which, under such an authority, respected and venerated throughout Europe, might stand a *conservatory* of the politics of a true Briton, whatever may be the administration of government. Let Dalrymple retail his anecdotes, (of all parts of history, the least to be trusted,) and let Macpherson treat truth, as he treated Ossian, even the slow and systematic poison of Hume has met with its antidote, in a work to whose authority the best understanding may appeal, and the warmest heart glory in its attachment.

Yet, it is by no means certain that this work is calculated to catch the present popular taste, or assimilate with the predominant politics of the British nation. It will be better relished in the extremities than in the centre of the empire. It will be better relished after having ripened for a century, than in the present generation. A work of this nature is at first either overvalued, or under-rated, and its intrinsic worth must be ratified by time. A long experience probably had sufficiently proved to the author, that political principles such as he professed and laboured to advance, were more approved in historical composition, than practised in life, and we apprehend that a political despondency, founded on a knowledge and experience of a great and awful change in the public character and sentiments of the English people, prompted him to seek, as it were, a refuge from present times, in some bright and consolatory era of history, just as he escaped from the smoke, and mephitism of London, to inhale the pure and renovating air, from the rose beds of Anne's hill.

He has himself remarked, that "The habits and prejudices of the English people, are in a great degree aristocratical," but we will presume to add, that they are those also attendant upon a *sovereign power*, of great and untroubled domination; domination in the east, domination in the west, and domination over the ocean. What are little, splenetic, whig principles in the eye of such an enlarged, and imperial domination? Considering the English public in the light and character of an individual, it is indeed, in one sense, a king-people, a mighty *popularch*, naturally so full of its great cares and multiplied employments, its wars, and all its foreign relations; that time neither can be spared or spent in watching over the republican part of a constitution, when the people themselves are a great and arbitrary monarch. It is not the constitution of the *country*, which now forms the distinguishing glory of Britons, but it is the pride, and power, and wide spread domination of the *empire*, which fume up into their heads, and tend to corrupt their hearts.

This is not a soil for the growth and sustentation of whig principles. These principles lead, as our author says, to a vigilant and unremitting jealousy of the power of the crown. These principles assert, in the words of Sir William Jones, that power should be distrusted, in whatever hands it may be placed, and that the abuse of power is almost inseparable from its use. But the British people identify themselves, their schemes of ambition, their speculations in commerce, their hopes of a share of the spoliation of kingdoms, with the power, and personal inclinations of the Sovereign. These principles say, that "as those who make the law, should be bound by the law, so those who are bound by the laws should have a share in the making of them; that governments are more or less perfect in proportion to the greater or smaller number of individuals to whom they afford the means of cultivating their intellectual and moral powers, and whom they admit to live together on a liberal footing of equality, and that the great object of a wise government, at the present time, is to distribute more equally

among all its members the advantages of the political union, and to enlarge its basis, by increasing the number of those who understand the value of political rights, and are interested to defend them." But the English public are too insulated in their own importance, and too abstracted in their selfish concerns, to be much impressed with considerations of this nature which the most of them would say had a smack of republicanism. Happy is it that a constitutional history has been written which no Tory can dare to say was penned by a republican.

For our own parts, we shall snatch this occasion of shortly declaring that we are the sincere friends of arbitrary power, with only two provisos, that supreme wisdom, goodness, and activity should be united with power; and secondly, that the king should live for ever. We are, in the same manner, friends to a Republic, on the condition that men are what they ought to be, and that every man is an Aristides. In the mean time, grateful for the personal liberty we enjoy under its protection, we profess our sincere attachment to the British Constitution in all its parts, without hesitating to avow our predilection to its popular or representative part; nor do we think that such predilection will expose us to the charge of republicanism, or deficiency in loyalty, except by those whose loyalty is *outrageous, exclusive and persecuting*. "My party," said Sir William Jones, "is that of the *whole* people" (we hail again our eastern star) "and my principles, which the law taught me, are only to be changed with a change of existence."

The whirl of the French revolution drove men who differed only in degree on constitutional questions, to the farthest limits and utmost extremes of their respective principles; but this centrifugal force abated, they will insensibly and quietly return to a common center of attraction.

We consider such a publication, as that of Mr. Fox, most opportune for this patriotic purpose, and most contributive to this good end; his work is a central point, around which all the friends of constitutional liberty

ought to rally; and it is much to be hoped, that, as one of the best representatives of a free people, is a *FREE PRESS*, there may soon be a cheap edition published of this invaluable fragment, along with an accurate translation of Barillon's Dispatches, which contain such a fund of reflection for the English reader. Indeed the expensive stile of modern publications has secluded the benefits of liberal literature from the mass of the people as much as if such works were written in a foreign language, and embellishments that can only captivate the *eye* of the reader, have locked up the press from its true proprietor, the public at large. There ought to be a *stereotype* edition of this performance, and upon such a *solid* pedestal of public usefulness, and genuine glory, will an imperishable and immortal image of the author be suitably placed. "*Hæc mihi in animis vestris templa, hæc pulcherrima ædificies et mansura.*" We know not whether the stone for the statue of his great, and, in this life, successful rival, has yet been hewn from the quarry. X.

(To be continued.)

Select Papers of the Belfast Literary Society, Fasciculus first, Memoir second; Relation of an Aerostatic Voyage, by M. Gay Lussac. Belfast, p.p. 14.

MAN, after having made the elements of fire and water subservient to his will, aspired to rise into the air, and "fly on the wings of the wind;" conceiving that he could then overpass the barriers of this lower world, and mount into heaven. So flattering was this idea to the vanity of eccentric genius, that in every age the power of flying seems to have engrossed peculiar attention, and the earliest records of human action give us the names of some bold adventurers who made attempts to possess this new power.

In tedious exile now too long detain'd,
Dedalus languish'd for his native land;
The sea fore-clos'd his flight, yet thus he
said,
Though earth and water in subjection laid,
O cruel Minos, thy dominions be,